The Sour Milk

GARLAND;

Composed of three Excellent

NEW SONGs.

1. The Sour Milk; or, the Lassie got with Child with the Kirn-staff.
2. The Humours of the Age
3. The Arch Denial.

Licensed and entered according to Order.

The SOUR MILK GARLAND.

The Sour Milk; *or, the Laſſie got with Child with the Kirn-ſtaff.*

I Heard a Talk in *Glaſgow* Town,
I'm deafen'd with the Clink o't;
They father the Bairns on the Kirn,
If once they get a Drink o't.
And Sour Milk's the Daddy o't,
Keep Sour Milk for me;
An you meddle with the Kirn-ſtaff,
A Minney you will be.

The Cocklar of the Kirn-ſtaff,
Who made the Butter come,
He came to take good Night of her,
Before her Days were done.

I hope, ſaid he, you will not die,
For you are big with Child:
She ſaid, You're not the Father o't,
What makes you talk ſo wild!

The Laſs that drank the Sour Milk,
Her Name we put a Blank for't:
For when we tell the Verity,
We get but little Thank for't;

It made her Mother ſore to weep,
And to the Neighbours ſay,
What will I do, my Daughter now,
She dies in a Decay,

No Fear ſaid they, of a Decay,
Then ſaid another Wife,
Although ſhe drank the Sour Milk,
She'll turn again to Life.

At this the Maid offended was,
She gloom'd and look'd right ſaucy;
Said, Prove the Meaning of your Words,
But now it's on the Cawſey.

What anſwers thou my Daughter now,
Or how grew thou this Way,
I'll tell the Truth with my own Mouth,
I drank the Milk in *May*.

It has been ſtrong and done you Wrong,
The Herbs being in their Prime,
It greatly made my Belly ſwell,
I ne'er been well ſenſyne.

Who would have thought ſo fine a Maid,
Who kept herſelf ſo trim,
Wou'd taſte of forbidden Fruit,
Before her Seaſon came.

It has been ſweet and ſhe took o't,
O lovely when ſhe drank it;
But now ſhe glooms when Butter comes,
It's rowed in a Blanket.

When she grew sick and could not speak,
Her Time was drawing nigh;
Her Friends came in her Pulse to find,
And see the Lassie die.

Her Mother said, I'm sore afraid,
She die out of my Sight;
Her Neighbour's Wife she did reply,
I'll rather wake a Night.

Would you leave the Lass in such Mood,
More need to hold her Back;
I fear she's lost her Maiden-head,
Or else it's got a Crack.

A Surgeon came to try his Hand,
She look'd on him right nice;
O will you die? no Fear said he,
But I will give you Spice.

He sent a Pill which did reveal,
What was the Milk she got;
And when the Child it was born,
He cried, O what was that!

You need not go to physic wall,
Nor heed what Surgeons say
But drink you off in Sour Milk,
Into the Month of *May*.

Now all your Lords and Gentlemen,
Wants Heirs to your Estate;
Apply but to the Medicine,
And Children you may get.

And

And sour Milk's the Daddy o't,
Keep Sour Milk for me;
An you meddle with the Kirn-staff,
A Minney you will be.

The Humours of the Age.

GEntlemen Farmers, I pray now attend,
Unto those few Verses which now I have pen'd,
The Lines, my dear Neighbours, are absolute new,
Besides, my Ditty's both merry and true.

Now when you repair to a Market or Fair,
In the Midst of a Croud I'd have you take Care;
Keep your Hands in your Pockets, it is the best Way,
Lest some of my Neighbours they should you betray.

There is many Hardships doth Farmers befal,
Besides Death of Cattle which is worst of all;
And if this hold on, I'm apt for to fear,
'Twill make us drink Water instead of strong Beer.

There is Wages for Servants, and Landlord's Rent,
There's Tithe for the Parson, he must have the Tenth;
The Rest of our Taxes does go to the King,
Which shews the poor Farmers have all to maintain.

There's Hunting and Hawking is Gentleman's Game,
Whilst we poor Farmers must toil on the Plain;
Thro' Cold, Wind, and Rain, we must work all the Day,
We are slaved like Negroes, and nothing dare say.

If any poor Farmer is forc'd to the Law,
Then on the Pursuit his Gold he must draw;
Without that Companion his Cause is not heard,
His Suit is cast and thrown over-board.

The Lawyers and Attornies are full of Policy,
If they are not bribed they will never comply;
And he that wants Money he need not come there,
He's huffed like a Beggar, and turn'd down the Stair.

To find a juſt Miller it is very rare,
To find one that's honeſt, not one in five Score;
In grinding a Buſhel they will ſteal a Peck,
In cheating the Farmers they are not very ſlack.

The Weavers they are cunning and apt to deceive
Our innocent Wives, and make them believe
More Yarn is wanting, to finiſh the Web;
It's only ten Hanks, and that does the Job.

The next is the Taylor that ne'er counted Lill,
He's both Blood-thirſty and given to ſteal;
The Barber's his Brother, I vow and proteſt,
You ſcarcely can tell which of them is the beſt.

The next comes the Shoe-maker in the Midſt of the Throng,
He ſwears that his Shoes are both firm and Strong;
Though the Out-ſide be glaz'd, the Inſide's but ſlight,
There's ſcarce one in forty among them that's right.

The Tanners, and Skinners, and Glovers alſo,
And likewiſe the Hatters, they make a fine Show,
There's Cheats in all Trades amongſt them you may ſee
So happy is the Man that is honeſt and free.

The Bakers they are cunning in kneading their Paſte,
Their Bread's like a Spunge and heav'd up with Yeſt,
The Craft of the Butchers you never can find,
The Half of their Meat it's blown up with Wind.

The Maſons and Labourers that work by the Day,
Though they work but ſlowly they muſt have their Pay,
They're ſcarce worth half Wages if they had their Due,
Believe me dear Neighbours it's certainly true.

The Doctors and Surgeons ſome ſay they're to blame
That they live by Extortion, oft their Skill proves in vain
To find a juſt Doctor you certainly may
As well ſeek a Needle in a Bottle of Hay.

Our great Shopkeepers it's their daily Cry,
Walk in Gentlemen, ſee what you pleaſe to buy,
By doubling the price they have raiſed their Stock,
Believe me, dear Gentlemen, it is no Joke.

At laſt comes the Black-ſmith that ſhould have been firſt
He is always choaked up with a damnable Thirſt;

The next is the Painter with his Coat of Blue,
To find one that's honeſt, you'll have ſomething to do.

Some ſay the Exciſeman takes more than his Due.
Which makes the poor Ale-wife look damnable blue;
But *Roger* the Brewer, cries, I'll fit them for that,
As long as freſh Water is cheaper than Malt.

For Fear that my Liquor ſhould run in their Head,
I'll purify it well let the Colour be red;
Rum, Gin, and Brandy is all the ſame,
Conſuming of Money, and ſpending of Time.

There is ſo many Religions now got up of late,
Which cauſes Diviſion in both Church and State;
The Quakers and Papiſts and the Methodies,
The Turks and the Jews they are born of a Size.

The Seeders, Swedlers, run to the Fields.
New Lights and Independents that's Dirt to the Heels,
The old Church of *England* I'll ever adore,
And pray for King *George* although I be poor.

Your Ladies of Pleaſure that walk in the Nigh
With their Watches and Tweezer, and Laces ſo bright,
they meet with a Stranger that loves the old Game,
They will pick his Pocket it's Twenty to One.

For tricking and ſharping few can them excell,
s modeſt as Ladies, as cunning as Hell,
s crafty as Foxes that watch out their Prey,
nd oft leave their Sweethearts the Reckoning to pay.

Our Servant Girls are turn'd ſo proud,
ith their Rings and Ruffles, an black Velvet Hood
s fine as my Lady I vow and declare,
ay What ſhould our Madams of Quality wear?

v Tea is wn ſo common among great and
t be hion whatever betal;
moe er's Miſs laſt Day I did ſee,
n T Wife ſat drinking of Tea.

Sc the City that's ſcarce worth a Grot
an know the firſt Forn of their Coat;
ſet like Perſons of Quality,
and Butter and fine Bohea Tea! O

Our Pipers and Fiddlers, and Beggars alſo,
For daily Relief to the Farmers do go;
And thus by their Calling it plainly is ſeen,
That the poor Farmer get all to maintain.

The Arch Denial.

SAYS *Damon* to *Phillis*, ſupoſe my fond Eyes
Reveal with what Ardour they glow,
Reveal with what Ardour they glow,
Well what if they do? there's no Harm ſure ſhe cries,
I can but deny you, you know, you know,
I can but deny you, you know.

Suppoſe from thoſe Lips I ſhould ask a ſweet Kiſs
Say, would you the Favour beſtow
Say, would you that favour beſtow?
O bleſs me, ſaid ſhe, what a Queſtion is this!
I can but deny you, you know, you know
I can but deny you, you know.

Suppoſe not contented, I ſtill ask for more,
(For Pleaſure from Pleaſure will grow)
(For Pleaſure from Pleaſure will grow)
Suppoſe what you will, ſhe reply'd as before.
I can but deny you, you know, you know
I can but deny you, you know.

Then come my dear Girl to the Wood let's repair
Says *Damon* and offered to go
Says *Damon* and offered to go.
no, with a Bluſh, anſwer'd Cry, I for
I could nor deny you, you know you
I could not deny you, you know.

FINIS